

OBSERVER

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Bard OBSERVER

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VOL. 7, No. 6

ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

APRIL 2, 1965

Station WBCR Formulates Plans

Bard's seventh radio station, in about as many years, is getting off to a rough start. After nearly a month of planning, it was decided that the new station would not be on the air until next semester.

On March 8, Community Council had granted the radio station \$450, with the understanding that the station would pay back \$225 to Council by May 8. The station had planned to raise the money through advertisements.

However, the radio station quickly found that advertisers do not want to spend money on ads that neither they nor their audiences can hear. At this time, the station was expected to run on 2½ Watts, which would give it a listening audience in at most, a 2 mile radius.

Therefore, Glenn Pomerance, a staff-member of the station, decided to investigate the possibility of increasing wattage and coming within the jurisdiction of the Federal Communications Commission. The radio station is still waiting for an answer from the FCC.

At this point, the radio station saw new difficulties. If the station were to become a major station in the Hudson Valley, obviously the \$450 that Council had granted would be inadequate. Therefore, President Kline is considering writing a letter to alumni and parents to ask for funds.

According to the President, the letter has been drafted, but it is being "held-up" until they get a "green light" from the "Student Committee."

But the radio station is not so sure that it wants to come under FCC requirements. If it does, the station anticipated have to shut down between sun-

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Viet Nam Study-In Planned For Wed.

Wednesday, April 8, will find an all night vigil at Sottery Hall, concerning Viet Nam. The discussion will start at 10:00 p.m. and will continue until all questions have been answered.

Among the speakers will be Michael Munk, a member of the editorial staff of the 'National Guardian.' Also participating will be Robert Koblit, Justus Rosenberg, Stanley Millet (who previously taught at Bard), Fred Crane, and Lawrence Shute.

One student emphasized that the atmosphere of this meeting will not be that of a rally. Rather, he said, there will be a "regular academic" tone.

Dean Hodgkinson has not yet extended or dropped curfew, but it is hoped that he will by Wednesday.

Because of the urgency of the situation in Viet Nam, all students and faculty are urged to attend the meeting if at all possible.

BRAC: On the Picket Line



Liberty Street becomes a mob scene, as policemen and by-standers watch pickets.



Bard student David Dorman, speaks out

Neither a threatened injunction, nor an overcast, damp day could thwart the participants in the March 19 demonstration against the Chase Manhattan Bank. According to Students for a Democratic Society, between 450 and 500 pickets showed up for the protest, which lasted from 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Of these, 16 were Bardians.

The demonstration took place on Pine Street, which is the public street nearest the Chase Manhattan Bank. According to Students for a Democratic Society, the demonstration was a compromise.

Injunction a Compromise

Three days before the demonstration, the Chase Manhattan had gone to court, seeking an injunction that would prevent picketing, sit-ins, and the handing out of any leaflets concerning the Chase Manhattan Bank. However, on March 18, Judge Samuel Hofstadter enjoined SDS against sitting in property. The Chase was represented by the law firm of Milbank, Tweed, Hadley, and McCloy.

At 1:30 p.m. on March 19, about one hour after the demonstration had begun, members



Bardians Fuchs (second from left) and Lewis (third from left).

of Students for a Democratic Society met with the Vice-Chairman of the Board of the Chase. However, SDS found the vice-

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Community Investigates Evaluation Process

Kline Reads Three Deinhard Evaluations

Hollander Offers Convocation Money for Part of Deinhard Salary

by Evlin Friedman
On March 15, President Kline presided over a community meeting which was actively attended by 230 students, Anthony Hecht, Justus Rosenberg and Jean-Claude Barre, and Mrs. Deinhard. (The absence of all but one member of the AMDD Division was later noted). Dr. Kline said the meeting was called to discuss faculty evaluations and dismissals. After this statement, the remainder of the meeting was devoted to a discussion of Dr. Deinhard's dismissal.

At this time, Mr. Kline made known that there would be a meeting of the Joint Committee during the following week, "to evaluate this whole situation." When asked to clarify the purpose of the proposed meeting, Dr. Kline said there would be a general evaluation and that it would be possible for the committee to overrule their previous decision (not to rehire Mrs. Deinhard). When questioned further, Dr. Kline said that a majority vote was all that was needed for the reversal.

Dr. Kline then proceeded to read excerpts from the last three evaluations of Mrs. Deinhard. Mrs. Deinhard, in referring to the evaluations, said, "It boils down to the distinguished colleagues saying I have no standards."

But it was later pointed out that no one from the AMDD Division had sat in on Mrs. Deinhard's classes. This statement was substantiated by Bill Merrick. He said that in four years, he had never seen a teacher sitting-in at an AMDD class. Dr. Deinhard asked on what basis the evaluation was made.

Dr. Kline pointed out that after a teacher's first year at Bard, according to the teacher's manual, it is not necessary for the evaluating committee to be present in order to judge the case. "You don't necessarily have to sit in a class to have an idea of a person's teaching," said Dr. Kline. He added that he thought it was sufficient for him and Dean Hodgkinson to glean information from students.

Dr. Kline stressed that the student's action was untimely. He said that "we (the college) are not free agents at the moment." He was referring to the tentative replacement for Mrs. Deinhard, whose name has not been disclosed.

Several suggestions were

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Calls for More Effective EPC

Koblitz Stresses Confidential Nature Of Evaluation

by Dian Donnell
The second community meeting this semester, to discuss faculty evaluations, met on March 22 in Sottery Hall. Again, there were well over 200 students present, and considerably more faculty than at the first meeting.

Mr. Koblit, speaking as the chairman of the Joint Committee, said that the central principal of evaluation "is that the faculty... is a collegium, a guild." And, continuing, he said that it is the faculty who are "exclusively responsible for those who will serve with them." Later, in speaking of the way in which the evaluation system works, Dr. Koblit commented, "the confidential part of the inquiry is central."

Continuing his opening statement, Dr. Koblit said that since he had mentioned the administration and faculty roles in the evaluation method, he would mention the student role. However, he added, "I don't know that I want to say very much about that." Dr. Koblit felt that the students' role was "substantial," adding, "At Bard, the student does count."

Dr. Kline made known that he considered the proceedings of the first meeting to be confidential. However, Community Moderator Baier pointed out that it would be difficult to consider material confidential that was heard by several hundred people. Both meetings were taped.

Speaking of the first meeting, Dr. Koblit said, "I'm kind of sorry I didn't come... I had another engagement for the evening." He also said that he had not received an announcement of the meeting in his mailbox.

Checks and Balances

Professor Koblit said, in his preliminary statement, that an evaluational recommendation goes through a lengthy and safe-guarded channel before going into effect. That is, it goes from the division to the Joint (faculty) Committee to the administration and the Board of Trustees. The role of student opinion is an indirect one, through communications with the faculty and administration. If geared to the proper channels and expressed in due time, the students' opinion is weighed by the faculty. However, there is no official student role in the evaluation system.

When students later objected that the Joint Committee seemed to be a rubber stamp for

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Observer

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EDITORIAL

Now that the rash of community meetings is over, there is time to consider the general problems that were overlooked in the specific case.

If one will examine the proceedings of the community meetings, it will soon become obvious that few students or teachers could divorce themselves from extreme positions. That is, one either reached the conclusion that students must have ALL the power, or, on the other hand, one fears lest the students take over and wholly rout the old order. Thus, one could see forming several unholy alliances, between a minority of the students and a majority of the faculty, and vice versa.

One teacher spoke of the faculty being "jealous of their prerogatives." Nor can anyone blame the faculty for wanting to guard their academic freedom. By being outside the rules, they are theoretically allowed to teach with more freedom than under any other system. But if one were to be exact, it is truly only tenured teachers who enjoy the liberties that have been described. It is they, who, like the judiciary, are free from elections, and can sit for life, regardless.

At such a time, one will hear students denigrated in many ingenious ways. You will hear that they are not capable of judging their teachers. The argument continues, if a student enters a class, he does so with complete ignorance. Some will say that students can distinguish only certain qualities—such as dramatic flair—and not others. They are therefore considered out of the running in the evaluation process.

One will also hear frequent reference to the average student's age. This is taken as an *ipso facto* reason for eliminating him from serious contention. The youth is thus permanently at fault for being young. One can therefore describe the fear that giving students more power would turn evaluations into popularity fests. Then, of course, there is the idea that students, being naturally rebellious, will jump at the chance of rebelling against authority, with supposedly, the eagerness for the cause growing in inverse proportion to the relevance for protest.

From recent events, it is impossible to take the second view, whole. It is obvious that student opinion cannot be dismissed. It should not take threats of various degrees of subtlety to drive home our opinions. Nor should there be a power fest. If one is to resort to invoking the checks and balances system, then one will find a clear cut role for faculty, administration, for Board of Trustees, in fact, for everyone but the student. It is not enough to have the student body a temporary ally of either the faculty or the administration. Students must have a permanent and significant role in the life of the college. In the case of faculty evaluations, that role could consist of working closely with the faculty, or perhaps being a permanent check on their decisions. But we must see the emergence of student body having significant power as a just solution. Let us hope it will not be accomplished at sword point.

Art Historian At Home

A small frail-looking woman welcomed us into her living room. Her house was across the hall from the laundry shack. Inside, as one might expect, the walls were tastefully hung with pictures of various modes, from baroque to modern.

Settling back for an interview of an hour and a half (also taped), Mrs. Deinhard told the Observer, "a college without teachers is impossible but a college without students is also impossible." Students are capable of evaluating more than the eternal dramatics of a teacher, but of course should not have the power to hire or fire faculty. However the more responsible student body is "often more aware of the basic issues concerning education than the faculty." This is because it affects the student directly.

Mrs. Deinhard feels "it is the duty of the student body to try all means to bring their objectives to good by legal means such as E.P.C. "However if the students do not get anywhere, "they have many ways to make clear what they want without burning themselves on the President's lawn."

Although Mrs. Deinhard stated that her case was closed, she felt that the students have the right if all legal methods fail, to use student demonstrations and external pressure such as alumni influence and "getting the attention of outside newspapers." Student participation in their own education is an important problem in America today. However, these news articles "should not be blackmail, and both sides should be presented fairly."

Mrs. Deinhard studied at the University of Munich and at the Sorbonne where she received her Ph. D. She emigrated to Brazil. There she taught Art History at the Ministry of Education in Rio de Janeiro and at the Brazil Institute of Art. Asked by the Library of Congress, she prepared a section on Brazil for the Handbook of Latin American Studies.

After the war, Mrs. Deinhard came to America and started to teach Art History at the New School for Social Research. She was the first to organize Adult Education courses which included museum visits. In 1956 she was invited to Israel to institute a course in Art History for the Department of Engineering at the Technion. She lectured throughout Israel and was invited to teach at the University of Jerusalem. However a personal tragedy forced her return to America and she resumed teaching at the New School.

Mrs. Deinhard was first considered to teach the backgrounds of Western Tradition course. However it was decided that a historian was needed, but Mrs. Deinhard was retained by the school to teach Art History. In addition to her regular courses, she taught the required art course last year.

Mrs. Deinhard expressed deep concern for the teaching of Art History in colleges throughout the United States. She felt that studio artists could not teach an adequate art history course. "As creative artists they are always concerned with one specific problem and cannot be objectivists should not be." The better the artist, the poorer the art historian because they are less partial to their art. Although art history often deals with the finest details of fact, such as the exact date of a painting, one must not and indeed cannot overlook that it is also a work of art.

She was delighted with the participation of her students in her classes, although she was astonished that her students did not know even basic definitions such as sarcophagus and tympanum, regardless of their division. She did not teach exclusively for the art student and welcomed students from all divisions. Her popularity with the student body can be shown by the fact that she had to expand her classes this term. Indeed students who did poorly, and perhaps failed, (Continued on Page 7)

Admissions Policy May Be Modified

"Bard is one of the few colleges there who is not engaged in accepting underprivileged kids." Dean Hodgkinson came to this conclusion at a meeting of the Union for Research and Experimentation in Higher Education. The Union is composed of the representatives of about ten experimental colleges, including Bard. "Frankly, I would like to see us take a few cases," the Dean told the Observer. He added that he is "quite seriously" considering it.

"What would the community think," continued the Dean, "if we were to accept three or four students each year who have IQ's of 80, Board Scores in the 220's, and who have exceptional latent talent?"

The Dean pointed out that we have two scholarships in the performing arts, but we are not using them to encourage students from lower socio-economic classes to come here. "and," continued Dean Hodgkinson, "it

is the exceptionally gifted performing artist that we might especially be looking for." He felt that in music, for instance, the language is universal, and he added, "the arts can often transcend circumstance. However, the Dean said that if Bard were to accept a few students, regardless of requirements, the selection would not be limited to performing artists.

Besides the two scholarships in the performing arts, the United Negro College Fund is available. Harry Carman, who was the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, was also President of the fund.

What effect would a program of this sort have on underprivileged teenagers? The dean answered, "This may sound corny, but it would open the world to them."

The Chicago Teacher's College, which is a member of the Union for Research and Ex- (Continued on Page 6)

Motorcycles Return

After Near Extinction

What is it that turns people on about motorcycles? For about two semesters now the vast majority of students at Bard have been going berserk about bikes. Listen to conversations; one is constantly hearing references to "the machine I'm bringing up in a couple of weeks" or "the one I'm definitely getting as soon as I can get some scrap together". Mention, in a loud enough voice, "blown Vincent", Yamaha Y-S-3 or Triumph TT Special, and everyone's ears prick up. Chicks included. One girl insists that she's getting one, a Triumph Tiger Cub is the one for her.

It's not difficult to understand the fascination attached to motorcycles. I think it works on several levels. First, there is the aesthetic sensual appeal. Bikes are just so good looking. There is nothing so fine as a new machine with just enough chrome and a tasteful paint job. Hondas have won a number of well-understood awards in the design field. Cycle pipes and mufflers flowing back gracefully along the length of the frame are a key element in aesthetic design. Some scramble to incorporate pipe-layout that would make Calder green with envy—the Honda dir machine for example. The sounds that come from bikes are also something else. A throaty roar coming from a straight pipe, or a tuned megaphone, is as appealing to some people as music. (I have a friend who is a composer, studying at Juilliard, and who is considering writing some *musique concret* with cycle sounds.) Part of the sensual appeal of bikes is the plain thrill of acceleration in the open air. Going 0 to 60 in 5.1 second (figures for a Norton 750) with nothing about you is just unreal. Steering a cycle is also a great experience; one steers by leaning. Let's say there's a 20 mph curve. You come into it at fifty, downshift into third and take it at thirty-five without the slightest difficulty. Just lean.

On another level, bikes are fascinating because they're so inexpensive to purchase and operate. Most bikes get at least seventy five miles to the gallon, with some light weights getting 120 to the gallon. Name one car that can come near that. Last semester I spent about 5 bucks on gas for a huge amount of getting around. Some people say you can't use them in the winter, so they're not good transportation. Baloney. Just as long as the roads are dry, you can use them and can even be reasonably comfortable.

For the benefit of newcomers to Bard, I'll try to give a brief survey of the bikes at Bard in the nearly four years I've been here—and the students who drove them. When I was a freshman there were two guys, Arnie Melk and Fred Feldman, who looked like less prominent members of the cast of *The Wild One*. Fred went through about four bikes at Bard. They were all used and often falling apart, and unmuffled. His best machine was a 650 AJS which had been painted pop art pink. Arnie had a Harley which he claimed was a 74 inch; I'm skeptical. There was Bill Tinker who owned a hilarious old Indian with ape-hangers. Steve Dane, a good old friend, had a Ducati 50 cc that was unmuffled. At a distance it sounded like a furious mosquito. Mark Kennedy had a Beesah 250 one year and then traded it in for a new Ducati Diana. Mark was probably the most skilled rider ever at Bard. These people left Bard a long while ago. After their exit, the only rider was Dave Jacobowitz; his sturdy Matchless 350 single was a good "thumper" and not very fast. Dave is now hot to get a Matchless 750 scrambler. Good luck, Dave. Last semester, it seems that everyone decided to finally make the big leap. Chester Denton came up with a fantastically hot 650 Deesah scrambler. Joe Ribar had two bikes at once—a groovy old single-carb 650 Beesah and a Zundapp 250 which is not so groovy. Don Moore now owns the Beesah but has blown the head gaskets, tch-tch. Peter Schabacker bought a stunning BMW which was really the center of attention. Mr. Herdman has a smaller BMW which he keeps in immaculate condition, much to the Director of Admission's credit. Joel Morrow bought a very pretty Ducat-Monza. And I bought a 175 Jawa which is as slow as molasses, but is cheap to own and run. My next bike will probably be a hot 250, maybe a Bultaco which is a screaming Spanish bike. The latest bike on campus is Steve Lipson's YDS-3 Yamaha which goes 0-60 in less than eight seconds and has five forward gears. It is a very fine bike.

Notes on the March to Montgomery

by Jonathan Rosenbaum

Because of the haste with which this article was written, and because of its close proximity in time to the march itself, I cannot claim to be attempting anything definitive here, either in terms of criticism or opinion. The following reactions are immediate and unedited ones written only a few days after the march, and as such must suffer the defects of hurried writing and tentative suppositions.—J.R.)

I
We arrived in Montgomery on Wednesday afternoon, following Highway 80 through the idle of town and heading towards St. Jude, a Catholic hospital complex on the city's outskirts whose property was being used as a campsite for the marchers. We drove a rented car; the Hertz people in Atlanta, when they overheard at we were up to, had told that they had no cars available, but being hospitable Southern folk had driven us over to their competitors a few blocks away). The rain which had persisted for most of the day was beginning to let off, and we were looking forward to the prospect of marching in good weather. This would be the second time that I would march in Montgomery. The first time had been seven or eight years ago, when I was attending an Alabama high school and as a member of the band had been required to participate in the inauguration of Governor Patterson. I remember the city as being dirty and ugly, secondarily to Birmingham in its grubby grayness, but today it seemed as though the local dignitaries had given some thought to scrubbing up the main streets. Otherwise it looked the same: the downtown section still looked plain and uninspired; the state capitol still bore only the flags of Alabama and the Confederacy, and its one-white facade gleamed immaculately as before under the arm sun.

Entering the gates at St. Jude, we saw that cars were leaving every minute to add more people to the march, which by now was less than a couple of miles away. Bob Mack, Susan Ladner and I got it while Peter Fuchs and my other Alvin went off to dispose of the car, arranging to meet us at the gate entrance three hours later. After tramping a few years through the mud, we were shuttled by a staff member into an overcrowded car which immediately pulled back onto Highway 80 and headed for the march.

We were let off at the end of the procession (which by now included about two thousand people) and began to march with the others. The rain had fully stopped by now and every one seemed to be in good spirits; there was a real deal of singing, and the pace of most of the marchers was brisk. The one truly outstanding quality of the crowd was its diversity—the people we passed and walked alongside ranged all the way from Brooklyn housewives to Negro children from Selma. Judging from the different ages, professions, personalities and kinds of dress it seemed to be a genuine American cross-section; the only things that we

all seemed to have in common were our convictions that led us to participate in the march. There was even something faintly grotesque about the hodgepodge we comprised, a certain incongruity to the mixture of types that contributed a real sense of excitement to the march. We were Everyone, the American people, not a stray bunch of outsiders on the fringe of American life. The federalized state troopers looked, in fact, like members of another planet in their painfully contracted, noncommitted faces; they stood along the road singly and in pairs, staring stiffly ahead as though nothing short of disaster could wrench an emotion out of them.

As I was later to learn, the Thursday had little in common with the march that left Selma on Sunday. Many of the marchers who had travelled the whole fifty miles assured me that the earlier days had been sheer hell, that the heckling and exhaustion had made the trek more of an ordeal than a celebration. The gaiety that followed those days often made me feel that our participation was something of a cheat; the others had worked long and hard for their meal and we were stepping in at the last minute for a free dessert.

But that knowledge was to come later, and at the present we felt thoroughly virtuous about our role in the march. We were moving through a Negro neighborhood now, which meant that our audience was basically a sympathetic one; as we passed a Negro school that had recently let out, it was interesting to see a graduation in the children's faces that went from suspicion to curiosity to approval to outright enthusiasm. Unlike the state troopers, there wasn't a passive face in the bunch. Many of the schoolchildren waved to us cheerfully and we waved back; a few stepped off the curb to join in with us. "What y'all do-in?" a little Negro boy asked me as he leaped into the procession. We tried to explain some of it to him and he laughed ecstatically. "Montgom-rih ain't nevah gonna be the same again!" a woman shouted to us from a front lawn. "No-sir," a teenager shouted back. "Noma'm, it sure ain't!"

Some of the marchers were smeared with a white lotion to protect against sunstroke; a few actually fainted from exhaustion and from time to time we would hear an ambulance scream past us. Appointed marshals wearing blue arm-bands would run along the edge of the march and exhort us like carnival barkers—"Six abreast, keep it six abreast and don't fall back, free-dom, free-dom," serving as combination drill sergeants and inspired cheerleaders before running off to see about another segment of the crowd.

When we marched onto the grounds at St. Jude a few minutes later, the liveliest of the marchers were still unready to unwind, and they marched directly into one of the circus tents and started to clap out a freedom chant; two hours later, when I happened to enter the tent again, I noticed that the chant was still going strong.

For the rest of the afternoon

Establishment had done more than take us under their wing; they had fully committed themselves to joining us. We slept for most of that night on the muddy field, aided by panchos and blankets. We had set down our gear several hours before, and had complete confidence (that was not violated) that we could leave it there unguarded for hours at a time and not worry about theft. We met with a light drizzle around three a.m. and shortly afterwards were woken again by a staff member who asked us to meet at the road with some of the others so we could be taken to new sleeping quarters. After about thirty minutes of waiting, we were herded into a large truck and taken to a Negro church that lay about a half mile away from St. Jude by a dirt road.

We relocated our sleeping gear on a narrow patch of ground on the side of the church: in the adjacent yard a rooster was crowing repeatedly, which made it apparent, along with the steady flux of talk that murmured inside the church and out, that this was not a night for sleeping. Three of us stepped into the church and saw bodies stretched everywhere—on the pews, in the aisles, in every corner where there was space to sit. Directly below the altar was a table bearing hot coffee and cookies for anyone who felt like having any.

Shortly after dawn, we were offered the use of a hose to wash our faces by a man who lived next door to the church, and a few minutes later we walked back to St. Jude and waited for the march to begin. The Thursday march, like the rally the previous night, began much later than its scheduled time (an unpredictability that prompted one racist Alabama newspaper to coin the term C.P.T.—meaning "Colored People's Time"—in reference to various scheduled events connected with the march.) We had originally thought that the march to the state capitol would move directly down Highway 80, but it turned out to be routed quite differently; we walked instead directly through the Negro section of Montgomery, which gradually became a lower-class, then a middleclass white district, finally entering the main street of the business section which led directly to the capitol.

Our routing seemed to be strategically worked out in two ways: by passing through the Negro section first, we were obviously making a strong impression on the Negro community of Montgomery; this was apparent enough from the amount of enthusiasm we encountered on the way to the city. A secondary benefit of this plan was the effect this enthusiasm had on the marchers themselves; by the time we reached downtown Montgomery, there were plenty of immediate reasons for us all to be in good spirits.

Negroes waved to us from their front lawns, from the curbs and from the sidewalks. Scores of children sat perched on porch railings like crows, raising their hands in unison to us as we passed. A few of the Negro children in the march became worried about possible repercussions of their participation, and I

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saw a few drop out during the first few blocks, but these were only a few, and the general impression was that there were more people joining us along the way than leaving us.

As we entered the white neighborhood, the faces of the observers became passive and impenetrable. I expected to see several looks of overt hostility but there were not very many; most of the faces appeared to be caught in stalemates between opposite reactions that resulted in bland expressions. To display any appreciation for what we were doing (and we did receive a small number of approving looks from white observers) meant alienation from their friends and neighbors; but to display any hatred for us meant conforming to a national stereotype of the white Southerner, an image that the white bystanders seemed just as eager to avoid.

There was a curious unreality about the whole experience of marching through Montgomery. Figuratively speaking, we were all looking directly into the television cameras and the white citizens were looking away, but neither of us were really looking at each other with any scrutiny. It seemed at times that Montgomery was not a city at all but an elaborately constructed set built for the national news media, a facade that represented Montgomery to the rest of the country but not a real place in its own right. On the day of the march, the leading Montgomery newspaper published a two-page advertisement urging citizens to stay away from the march and avoid any agitation of the marchers; coupled with this plea, predictably, was a complete repudiation of the validity of the march, but it was the kind of repudiation that exhorted the citizens of Montgomery to practice patience and restraint—and from the look of our audience, it seemed that this ideal was pretty well adhered to.

Our arrival at the state capitol was the climax of the march, and everything that followed seemed less important. Most of the people were too tired to listen to the speeches with any close concentration, and the general look that I saw around me was one of weary satisfaction that we had finally arrived. As we looked behind us down the hill and saw thousands more converge upon the capitol, we were able to maintain the easy illusion that today we owned the city of Montgomery; it was not very comforting to think of how any of us might feel standing alone on the same street the following day.

II

One disillusioning fact about the march for me was that I had felt the mere sight of twenty-five thousand people marching for what they believed in would carry a certain conviction to the white people of Alabama. One look at the slanted news coverage of the march in my home town (Florence, Alabama) convinced me that this effect would be minimal if present at all. It seemed that our march had made a considerable effect on the rest of the country, but to much of the state of Alabama, who questioned our sincerity, our motives and our morals, (Continued on Page 7)

Gathering of 75 Ignores Weather To Hear Hecht Read His Poetry

He was introduced as "a poet who dared to write in traditional metrical form, when Ezra Pound and William Carlos Williams were saying 'make it new'."

On Tuesday evening, March 23rd, the Literature Club presented Anthony Hecht reading from his own poetry. Despite snow and rain, approximately 75 people gathered in the social room at Manor House. (The room was chosen to accord with the richness of Mr. Hecht's voice... Indeed, it was magnificent).

After Miss Brandeis' introduction, there were selections by other poets of Mr. Hecht's generation: Phillip Larkin, an Englishman, and two Americans, James Wright and Reid Wittamore.

"A Poem for Julia" was Mr. Hecht's first work read. This

poem was written from his own experiences as a student at Bard. It is about art and history, "the media where past persists into presence." The second poem, "Roman Holiday," was written in Rome during 1950, the Holy Year. The poem speaks of the grandeur and corruption of that city, in which Mr. Hecht spent the entire year.

We proceeded to newer poems: "The Hill," described as a "pseudo-mystical experience," and "A Letter." The next selection is a variation on a poem by Louis Simpson, "The Man Who Married Magdalene." Since the poem was read in public (for the first time) at Wellesley, and then at Mt. Holyoke, where it was taped and broadcasted full, Mr. Hecht proceeded "With No Trepidation."

"The Vow" and "Claire de Lune" followed. The second of the two poems was based on "The Embarkation of Cythera" by Watteau. The very popular, "Ostia Antica," was read. This poem may give some the impression that Mr. Hecht is a rather strict Roman Catholic; at least, this was the theory of one critic, Nashe. "Dover Beach" by Matthew Arnold and "Dover Bitch," a criticism of life, concluded the long, but memorable evening.

After the performance Mr. Hecht was asked what he thought of poets reading from their own poetry. "Sometimes poets turn into performers; without necessarily being good poets, they can spellbind their audience. Of course, there is the reverse instance..." I am sure that we were spellbound by a truly good poet.

Theatre:

Chekhovian Comedy To Open April 28

by Peter Irwin
The Production

On April 28 the Bard College Drama Department will present the United States premiere of the Anne Dunnigan translation of Anton Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard*. The production is presently in rehearsal under the direction of Charles Kakatsakis with the following cast:

Lyubov ... Margaret Eckstein
Gaev ... James Rosenbaum
Varya ... Jane McCune
Anya ... Alexandra Shenk
Lopakhin ... Kenneth Reiss
Trofimov ... Jeffrey Rochlis
Dunyasha ... Marlayna Lockard
Yepikhodov ... John Boylan
Charlotta ... Danna MacCorckle
Yasha ... Michael Thompson
Pishchik ... Spencer Mosse
Firs ... David Johnson
Beggar ... Terence Boylan

Mr. Kakatsakis explained that this play was chosen for the number and variety of "good roles" it has to offer. It is intended to accommodate some of the many Senior Projects and Moderations occurring in the Drama Department this semester. Of those who have received parts Margaret Eckstein, Kenneth Reiss, and Danna MacCorckle are involved in Senior Projects, while James Rosenbaum, Jeffrey Rochlis, Marlayna Lockard, John Boylan, and Michael Thompson are moderating.

The Play

Chekhov wanted to focus on people. Mr. Kakatsakis explains. He was a realist attempting to create recognizable

human beings, and "The Cherry Orchard" therefore demands a "total," not merely a "surface" reality. The Dunnigan translation, he hopes, will help him to portray this reality. Its dialogue is much less stilted than that of previous Chekhov translations and should give the production a more natural effect. As director, Mr. Kakatsakis wants to project the play's "humanity" rather than its "pathos." "I believe the play is a comedy," he asserts, "and I would like to prove to people that it is a comedy." He quotes one of Chekhov's letters concerning "The Cherry Orchard": "Nothing could be further from the truth than to say that this play is a tragedy. It is a comedy and in places a farce." Only when Chekhov is played this way does his theme become evident: "Life is pathetic and not tragic." "I also hap-

pen to think that Chekhov is exciting," he adds, in contrast to the static quality that pervades many Chekhov productions.

Chekhov completed the play, the last before his death, in 1906. It concerns "a way of life coming to an end and people unable to cope with it— inability to cope," says Mr. Kakatsakis. "He believed that people make the times," and was "concerned with what people do to themselves and how they make a mess of their lives." With regard to symbolic overtones, "They are not symbols to Chekhov. They become symbols to us because they are recognizable to us. We are the ones that make them symbolic figures."

"The Cherry Orchard" should prove to be one of the most challenging that Bard has presented, since "Chekhovian comedy" requires a considerable sense of pace and timing. The play consists of little internal humor, (language humor of which both the characters and audience are aware) but, rather, it possesses an external 'situational' humor to which only the omniscient audience can respond.

Fite, Phillips, Curoi Show To Run Until Vacation

The Bard Art Department is holding an exhibition of faculty work through April 9 in Proctor Art Center. Paintings by John Curoi and Matthew Phillips and sculpture by Harvey Fite are being displayed.

This show, the fifth held in the new art center since October, reflects the varied and cosmopolitan character of the art department. Mr. Phillips

comes to Bard from two years of painting, exhibiting, and teaching in Paris; Mr. Curoi has exhibited his work in many parts of the United States.

Mr. Fite has received national attention for the serenity, strength, and grace of his sculpture. He has been at Bard for over thirty years, and in the course of his career he has traveled all over the world,

Books:

The Groves of Academe

Although Mary McCarthy's novel, *The Groves of Academe*, was first published in 1952, the problem with which she deals—the conflict between good teaching and administrative homogeneity—is still pertinent.

During the past few months at Yale, at UCLA and (to a less publicized extent) at Bard, this problem has been brought into the open again.

Henry Mulcahy, the protagonist of the novel, is an English instructor at Jocelyn, a small progressive liberal arts college. He has "an 'unfortunate' personality, in the lexicon of department heads" Although he is a well-respected teacher, he has not worked well with the administration and some of the other members of his own division.

At the beginning of the novel, Mulcahy has just received a letter informing him of his non-reappointment. Instead of receiving this news stoically, as had been expected, he decides to fight the decision. The remainder of the novel is concerned with the ramifications of the struggle—how it is waged and what its effect is on the academic community. Primarily, it divides the faculty into pro-Mulcahy and anti-Mulcahy factions. That is, groups appear that either support or protest his dismissal. Miss McCarthy presents an interesting insight into the interse faculty-administrative conflicts that take place within a college.

Mulcahy is not by any means, a personification of vir-

tue. The methods that he uses in attempting to keep his position can not be called noble. He lies, schemes, and destroys others without the slightest visible remorse. Conversely, the administration is not totally evil. There are some legitimate, if insufficient, reasons for his non-reappointment.

To the degree that Miss McCarthy deals with the structure and degeneration of Mulcahy's personality, this book is an enlightening study in character. Miss McCarthy's style assists the reader to develop a clear-cut impression of Mulcahy's character.

To the degree that the book provides insight into the problem of good teachers with "unfortunate" personalities it is also enlightening. Since the problem is current, it is interesting to note one major difference between the situation that Miss McCarthy's style assists the situation today. In *The Groves of Academe*, the student efforts to save Mulcahy were small and completely ineffective. On the other hand, the major driving force behind today's demonstrations has been the students. If one thing of significance has occurred during the past fifteen years, it is this activating of student interest.

Miss McCarthy wrote *The Groves of Academe* after teaching at Bard. The observations that she made can still be used to help understand the current situations.

—by Frank Weinberg

The Coral Barrier

A review of "The Coral Barrier", a novel by Pierre Gascar. Translated from the French by Merloyd Lawrence. Boston, Little, Brown, and Company, 1961.

"He discovered that he had never stopped looking forward to this moment. He felt the sand leaving his blood. He freed himself from the desert. He closed his eyes to the thorns. All the suns which had blinded him for three months now shone upon him. The dust which he had breathed took shape beneath him and the salt of the sea came to his lips."

Somalia became an independent nation on July 1, 1960. Mr. Gascar sees the event with the journalistic finality of a Robert Ruark and the human-concerned questioning of a Lawrence Durrell. Mr. Gaspar is equally sensitive to the interweaving and level-shifting pattern of desires for independence and dependence, in beings and in nations.

The actual coral barrier is a reef ruling off the desert at the ocean's edge. Behind it lies Mogadishu (Mogadishu), the capital. It is the home of the

remnants of the Italian colonial aristocracy: a group of tired civil servants, shopkeepers, and business men, a few nuns, and an occasional young arrival like Luigi Perretti, the arrival. The book's sparingly-developed protagonist is one. Paolo's seafaring cafe, vintage Mussolini, harbors a handful of independents who become irritatingly dependent upon each other. Paolo is a sort of master of ceremonies, as well as a catalyst in the affair between Luigi and the serving girl, Jilal.

The microcosmic barrier is Jilal's artificially reinforced virginity—a barrier that can be overcome only by force or by a crude, often fatal midwife's operation. The alternative would create sexual roles repugnant to Luigi. His devotion to the girl (Luigi is the only character in the novel who is still attempting to lose his enforced independence) prevents him from exposing her to the perils of the "surgical" knife. The problem is pushed toward resolution with the help of a vermiform-gulping nun. Jilal's scream of pain is interpreted as a response to torture. Rumors of a church-aided neo-colonialist plot erupt and die, broken as the broken Paolo and stunned Luigi are ordered back to Italy, where the older man quietly dies.

The tide approaches the barrier and recedes of its own accord. Such is M. Gascar's prose. Occasionally, some will trickle through the line, dreaming that the reef has been broken, the sand swept away.

—Barry Fruchter

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from Central America to Cambodia, pursuing his studies in sculpture.

A graphic artist, Anthony Harrison, was to have shown some prints but was delayed this year. He has been appointed to the Bard faculty for 1965-1966.

The show is open daily from nine to six.

Weiss Takes Leave of Absence To Edit, Write, and Lecture

Theodore Weiss, Professor of Literature, will spend his leave of absence at home this Spring. Mr. Weiss has two books and a lecture series underway at present; he also edits the Quarterly Review of Literature and is a member of the Board of Wesleyan Poets. "I wish my reasons for staying at home were exciting ones," he said, "But actually, I'm going to work, and Bard is as good a place as any."

"I have great designs on Shakespeare," Mr. Weiss told the Observer. "He'll never be the same when I get through with him." This winter he gave 10 lectures at the Poetry Center in New York on 12 of his plays. "I agreed to do the lectures as a prod to myself to shape the material I deal with in the openness of a class into the limits of a lecture, and eventually into essays," he said. According to Mr. Weiss, his book on Shakespeare should appeal to an educated, but general audience, not committed to scholarship or to set notions of Shakespeare's self-realization as an artist; the materials he has and how much he finds in them," he said.

Mr. Weiss is also working on a book of monologues, dramatic poems in the voices of a German lady, an electronic jazz musician, a Greek ambassador's daughter, Sarah Bernhardt, and Caliban. Mr. Weiss claims to find much inspiration at Bard: "I saw a student yesterday who looked just like Caliban," he remarked. He published his third volume of poetry, a long poem, "Gunsight," in 1962, and has since undertaken translations of Pasternak, although he knows no Russian. "Pasternak is a lovely poet, I suspect," he said. Mr. Weiss was helped with his free translations by a Russian friend of his, who translated the literal sense of the poems for him. "Other

translations of Pasternak were so feeble," he said, "done by people who knew Russian but no English. Every so often I'd see twinges of poor Pasternak through them—a face in agony through barbed wire translation. I thought it might be better to know he language one was translating into, rather than the language one was translating out of." He refers to his translations as "All-purpose Pasternak—literal, semi-literal and illiteral."

Mr. Weiss has been teaching at Bard for 18 years. "Often the monotony of a place can be one's own monotony," he said. "Students weary of Bard after three or four years; surely a teacher can weary after 18." Mr. Weiss feels that small progressive colleges would benefit by exchanging students and professors. "A small school, even a first rate one, has to maintain lifelines or else it is in danger of becoming terribly parochial." Mr. Weiss maintains that Bard is a stimulating campus that respects the intellect and is powerful. "When that goes, I go with it," he remarked.

"I have a tremendous respect for the mystery of learning," he continued; "I suppose there are those who think I make it too much of a mystery. Teaching, like anything else is desperate—you go to it with your bare hands and hope that a miracle will occur. Students often find the way sluggish and then realize that they've been marching through mud to Paris. Unless you have very good students, they don't always know how much they're getting; they are at the mercy of the teacher and there own ignorance. A student talking about Lear, for instance, is talking about something 20 years from now; students, after all, are still unrealized, they haven't yet lived!"

Mr. Weiss teaches Division-

The Spartan Side Of The Geist

There was no doubt among any of those who attended Saturday night's blazing Lower College vs. Upper College-Faculty basketball game that basketball is a contact sport. Unfortunately for the Upper-Faculty team, the referees were only too conscious of this fact.

The game was close throughout. The Lower College team, consisting of the Albee four—Grady, Friedland, Janto, and Eggert—plus Shoudy, Rochlis, and K. Smith, took a quick but precarious lead through the first half. True to expectations, Grady displayed amazingly quick hands, stealing the ball on a number of occasions to break away for solo lay-ups. By the third quarter, however, age seemed to bring its weight to bear, and the UF's moved ahead by a seven-point margin. Stan Reichel was the mainstay of the UF's tenacious advance, as he barreled through for lay-ups which would make any football coach proud. George Hayward supported him with some nice ball-handling, while Levine and Weiss pulled down a good share of rebounds.

It was near the end of the

al Seminar, Shakespeare, and Nine Poets. "I try to deal with the greatest of literature because it doesn't stale," he said. Weiss regards the classroom as a place of open warfare—"And I'm not that old that I don't enjoy it." "Every time I deal with a work of literature I visit a country that I think I know," he said. "Then new faces and new minds make me realize that I'm still in the presence of startling material. Unless the literature remains somewhat fresh it would be impossible to go on. The students only suffer me once, but I suffer myself many times."

third quarter that the referees became an obvious factor in the game. Irwin was the first to get their axe. With twelve minutes yet to be played in the game, he was sent to the sidelines with his fifth personal foul. The Lower College soon gained again, and with only a few minutes left to play went ahead once more. Kip Eggert fouled out for the Lower College, George Hayward for the UF's, and finally Dan Grady for the Lowers, but the game was by this time out of reach. The Lower College had outscored the Upper-College-Faculty team 23 to 8 in the fourth quarter and gone ahead to win the game 64 to 56.

Grady, Rochlis, and Friedland scored 21, 13, and 11 points respectively to contribute to the Lower College victory, but if any one player in the game is to be singled out for outstanding performance, it must be Stan Reichel who scored 30 points for the UF's and was the only player on his team to hit "double figures." Stan played a tremendous game, shooting, dribbling, and rebounding, and was certainly the most weary player by the game's conclusion. He seemed in on every play, if not standing on his feet, then stumbling over Chuck Shoudy, who had the difficult task of guarding him. Defensive audits go to Dan Grady who stole balls and blocked shots all evening and held the 23 point averaging Irwin to only 5. I said in the last issue that Dan was upsetting predictions; I guess he upset even mine.

Other Notes on Sports

The first round of the intramural league has been completed with the Faculty leading the league, undefeated. The other teams follow in this order: Albee, Wardens, Potter-McVickar, Ward, and N.S. Hoffman. Patrick, Levine, Reichel, and Hayward all scored in double figures to give their team a 76-40 win over Ward.

Coch Patrick reports an exciting new prospect for the tennis team this year, Mark Rosenstein. Mark looks like he might be competition for our present number one player, Mike Shafer. If so, I predict that with returning veterans Stan Reichel, Andy Gordon, and Kip Eggert, Bard could have an undefeated season this spring. Competition will include Dutchess Community, April 29; Oneonta Teachers, April 30; Union Frosh, May 1; Kings, May 5; Siena, May 11; Monmouth, May 14; Drew, May 15; and New Paltz Teachers, May 25. Dutchess, Oneonta, and Kings will be Home matches; the others will be Away. The team's record last year was 7-2.

Dante

In a lecture peppered with Italian phrases, Francis Fergusson delivered a knowledgeable lecture to a small group of rapt listeners in Bard Hall, on March 30.

Miss Brandeis said that this lecture was particularly timely because Dante's 700th anniversary will be celebrated in May, and continued Miss Brandeis,

Unionization Fails

by Harvey Fleetwood

"I've worked 54 years without a union, why do I need one now?" This remark characterized the reactions of the Bard maintenance men after the union had been defeated by a vote of 29-12. This vote represented the culmination of a most two months' work of several students and B&G men to bring a union to Bard.

During the middle of the Field Period, Allison Raphael wrote The Building Service International about the possibility of organizing a union at Bard. She lives at Schuyler House and in the course of her morning rides to and from campus she got to know many of the men. She knew one who had ten children and had to work seven days a week sometimes as late as 3:00 o'clock in the morning with no time and half for overtime. At first she was very encouraged and the employees began actively campaigning for the formation of a union.

"The International" sent down its New York Organizer, Mr. Walter Butler, who started talking to the men and show them a contract that had been agreed upon at Vassar not long ago.

"Unions are all right, but for a non-profit situation," said Dick Griffiths.

The administration position ran as follows: being liberal educators they could give 1 employees more than the 1 ions could. In any case 1 workers didn't want a union. The Monday before the students came back from field period, the three employees who had been working for unionization were fired.

The student body became aroused and a petition with student names, collected in day and a half. The petition which demanded reinstatement was submitted to the Board Trustees.

At this point, Mr. Butler refused to continue negotiations with the school lawyers until the fate of the three men was decided.

About two weeks later, possibly in answer to student demands, one of the fired was taken back on, and other two were given settlement of \$300 and \$2500.

On March 17th at Sott Hall, under the watchful eye of the State Arbitration Board vote was held.

this is "Bard's manner of swearing that occasion."

Mr. Fergusson began by saying that his excuse for speaking was the fact that he is a "D fan."

Mr. Fergusson lectured about Dante and about Aristotle's Poetics because "The etics is, I think, the best for the analysis" of the media. Specifically, Mr. Fergusson used the Aristotelian definition of drama—an imitative action—and proceeded to show in several examples, how Dante conformed to this definition.

Afterwards, there was a question and answer period, which proved satisfying to those asked questions, but abstinent and technical to those who not.

During the recent community meetings, Dean Hodgkinson stated that the time for students to register their feelings on untenured faculty members was before, not after, their evaluation. Since most students do not know which faculty members are untenured, the editor feels that it is beneficial to publish the following list:

AMDD

Tenured:
Driver
Itelman
Fite

Untenured:

Phillips
CuRoi
Deinhard
Sleeper
Garcia-Renart
Druckman
Wolff
Bok
McKenzie
Kakatsakis
Bertil
Solomons
Reed

LANG & LIT

Tenured:
Brandeis
Hecht
Rockman
Rosenberg
Wanning
Weiss, T.

Untenured:

Conrad
Kelly
Hochman
Dewsnap
Walter
Stambler
Barre
Starer
Tschumi

SOCIAL STUDIES

Tenured:
Berteisman
Crane
DeGre
Koblitz
Lensing
Liang
Oja
Shafer
Toomey

Untenured:

Pierce
Shute
Pearl
Levine
Tolchin
Weiss, E.
Randolph
Burnham
Hodgkinson
Saunders

SCIENCE

Tenured:
Kritzler
Tremblay
Weiss, H.

Untenured:

Clarke
Winans
Olanoff
Christiansen

The Observer wishes to thank Julia O'Neill for compiling the list, and President Kline, for his permission to release it.

Field Period: An Assessment of Its Affect on the Community

by Peter Irwin

This is the first of three articles about the Bard Field Period. The second article will deal with facts and statistics concerning the operational effect of Field Period. The third article will include opinions from students, faculty and administration, and will conclude with suggestions.

I. Goals and Arguments

The Bard College Bulletin says that during Field Period "the student has opportunities to explore vocational, creative, or intellectual interests away from the classroom and campus." It lists two types of Field Period projects:

"A. Work experience projects in which the student finds full-time employment for pay or as a volunteer and is subject to the supervision of his employer. Supplementary reading may also be assigned by the advisor.

"B. Field and Reading Projects in which the student undertakes an intensive program of intellectual and/or creative activity in accordance with plans previously approved by the advisor."

The form letter sent to employers explains Field Period in this manner.

"The students, with the aid of advisors and instructors, plan how best to use the recess in work that will broaden the perspectives they are gaining from books. The attempt is made by the College to encourage the students to find positions in which they can see the relations between what they are studying and the work they will later be called on to do. They also learn what qualifications they possess or lack, and gain some insight into the purposes and methods of a specific field.

"At the end of the Field Period, students are required to present written reports on what they have done and what they have learned. We also ask the

cooperation of employers in providing us with confidential reports on the performance of the student. These reports are used in counselling on future college work and in vocational guidance."

Arguments For

These are the avowed educational goals of Field Period as set forth by the college. Those in favor of the Field Period ascribe other values to it. One of them is that Field Period gives students a chance to assimilate the winter semester's learning. There is time that was not available during the semester for pursuing interests generated during the fall semester. Seniors engaged in their projects find the period invaluable. Students further can relate the disjoint experience in Bard's atmosphere to a more total environment, translating study habits and learning into a normal life routine. In addition they can get jobs not usually available to them during the summer "vacation" months when competition from other college students makes their qualifications less unique, thus restricting their restricting.

From a psychological standpoint, Bard is a westernized Shangri-la. Hidden away from any considerable contact with a city, it tends to indulge behavioral idiosyncracies and social mores not given such scope in general society. Field Period is a significant time to adjust student values to society. The atmosphere at Bard is at a high key toward the end of the Winter semester, and Field Period allows a student to reorient himself, to place Bard in perspective, and to organize himself for the coming semester. Students who graduate from Bard are more mature from the experience.

With respect to its practical aspects, Field Period is an extremely good drawing-card for

professors. It gives many of them important time to get back to their personal studies, while others find the extended relaxation a welcome relief from steady pressures built over Winter semester. Professors, too, need escape from one of them calls "the Great Womb" and are glad of time to seek out a more contemporary element. Teaching at Bard is in many respects similar to being a counsellor at a summer camp.

According to a number of the faculty, the work load at Bard is unusually demanding. Major conferences and senior projects bring the course preparations to from seven to twelve per week in addition to advisee conferences and a great deal of paper work (such as student evaluation sheets and Field Period reports). Many colleges require a professor to handle only three courses a week, which amounts to nine hours of classes as compared to Bard's contracted thirteen hours (actually fourteen and a half hours) of teaching responsibilities per week. On this basis some faculty rest their arguments for the maintenance of Field Period as a much needed break from college life. Major conferences and senior projects could not be continued otherwise. The work involved would be too exhausting.

Argument Against

Dissenters claim that the theoretical educational goals of Field

Period are not fulfilled in practice. The majority of students are unable to locate jobs in their major fields, particularly those who need money for the spring semester, and those supposedly engaged in study projects often fulfill only minimal assignments.

The problem of getting a job presents particular difficulties, many students claim. Jobs are simply not available during winter months, while in the summer many more positions are open to students both because it is the conventional reaction to the increased labor market and because many businesses only operate during this time of the year. To get a reasonable job over Field Period, many students have to lie about their qualifications and their employee intentions. Employers are not at all sympathetic to short-term employment. Bard students are further placed at a disadvantage in seeking summer employment because the spring semester ends so late. Even some professors would prefer an earlier semester conclusion to increase their summer school opportunities.

The other academic arguments are rejected on grounds that students have sufficient time in the normal college semester break to assimilate their course materials. In practice most students have not yet developed the internal disciplines to continue any serious self-

initiated study. Many spend Field Periods in parent-supported apartments carousing about the Village during waking hours. This or living at home yields no better a picture of independence than college. Students often regret the time spent and find it more difficult, rather than easier, to readjust to college routines. This time added to the summer would be of equal and perhaps greater benefit for independent endeavor because the tenor of work would be uninterrupted.

In response to the faculty arguments, some students claim that professors at Bard have a schedule no more difficult than they would encounter at comparable colleges. In addition, professors as adults should be better able to cope with the rigors of unbroken semester pressures than the student and certainly, as at most schools, should find a Christmas break sufficient time in which to relax. Other arguments against Field Period point out that the educational advantages underlying its conception could be accomplished with greater continuity during the summer.

Next Issue:

II. An Operational Assessment

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25 lbs.	.50

Wolf At Bard

Merril K. Wolf, M.D., better known to the musical world as Kenneth Wolf, will give a piano recital at Bard Hall on Monday, April 5 at 8:45 p.m. The recital will include works by Beethoven, Mozart, and Schubert.

Wolf's New York debut, in recital at Town Hall in 1949, was followed by performances of his own piano concerti by the Utah Symphony and by the Los Angeles Chamber Symphony, with Wolf as piano soloist. Other compositions of Wolf's have been played on national concert tours by pianists Theodore Lettvin and Eunice Podis, violinist Josef Gingold, and French horn soloist Myron Bloom. Wolf has also given recitals in many important cities across the country.

Mr. Wolf was graduated from Yale University at the age of 14, and from Western Reserve University School of Medicine eleven years later. He has been occupied in medical research at the National Institutes of Health and at the Laboratory of Cellular Neuropathology, Harvard Medical School, where at present he is an Instructor in Anatomy. At the same time, Dr. Wolf continues intense professional activity as both pian-

ist and composer. He is familiar to Boston audiences through repeated appearances at the Gardner Museum, with the Boston Pops, at Brandeis and Harvard Universities and other educational institutions. His compositions have regularly figured on programs of the Brookline and Cambridge Composers Forums. He was commissioned by the Belmont Choral Society to compose a major work, which was performed by them in May, 1964.

There will be a recorded concert of some of Dr. Wolf's own works on tape at 4 p.m. in Albee Social on Tuesday April 6. At this session, Dr. Wolf should be pleased to answer questions about his intentions as a composer.

Wolf to Speak Twice

The Bard Community is cordially invited to a lecture on Tuesday, April 6 at 8:30 p.m. in Sottery Hall. Dr. Wolf will speak on Rearing Brain and Nerve Tissue in Isolation: History, present status, and future prospects of a technique in experimental biology.

Deinhard

(Continued from Page 1) made for future action. Dr. Kline called for "a proper student committee" that would meet with the Joint Committee. Don Baier suggested that the Educational Policies Committee once more become a functioning body. Charlie Hollander commented about the lack of student interest in EPC. Andy Krieger mentioned the possibility of using "EPC delegated groups," but was apparently overridden by Gary Winkle's suggestion for an open meeting.

Mr. Hecht, who had attended about three of Mrs. Deinhard's classes, said he had found them "illuminating, clear, and immensely satisfying."

Another student questioned Dr. Kline about the letter of recommendation he had written for Dr. Deinhard, since her dismissal. The same student asked the president if he didn't think his position was hypocritical. Dr. Kline first noted that the letter had been written at Dr. Deinhard's request, and that he treats his people well." At this point, apparently a bit ruffled, the president asked the inquiring student what other plan of action she would suggest.

Mrs. Deinhard described the letter as "wonderful." Dr. Kline, in explaining his posi-

tion, said "This is just a personal interest of mine." However, he has expressed interest in meeting with anyone interested in the program.

BRAC Pickets

(Continued from Page 1)

chairman's statement to be "the same as the rest of the bank's policies," according to Kim Bush. Therefore, the student group found that a sit-in would be necessary.

43 Arrested

The sit-in began at 2:35 and, according to one SDS member, it was a "creative, last moment thing." However the SDS member stressed that the sit-in did not violate the court injunction, since it took place outside of Chase Manhattan property. However, the 43 sit-ins were arrested because they were "blocking entrances."

The situation at Pine Street was dignified. Pickets carried posters that included the following: "Apartheid has a friend at the Chase Manhattan," "You have a fiend at Chase Manhattan," "Don't bank in Racism." later, picketing was extended to Liberty Street.

After about the first three hours of picketing, the demonstrators, lead by members of the Newark Community Union Project (ERAP), sang freedom songs.

The common stocks of the Chase Manhattan dropped 7/8 of a point, by the end of the March 19 day of trading.

tion, said that Mrs. Deinhard has "profound scholastic ability."

Council Member Hollander offered the excess money from confocations, to help pay Mrs. Deinhard's salary. Dr. Kline said that there was a possibility that the school could, in this way, afford to keep two art history teachers.

The idea was mentioned of transferring Mrs. Deinhard from the AMDD Division to the Social Studies Division. Vic Morrow said that he had first proposed this solution about two years ago. Mrs. Deinhard said that when she had asked the AMDD Division, at the time, "It took me 20 minutes to get a no. No. No. No. They want me." Dr. Kline said that it would be left to the Social Studies Department to decide whether or not they want to accept Mrs. Deinhard.

There will be a March on Washington on April 17 in Washington D.C. to protest American intervention in Viet Nam. All those who are interested in the demonstration should contact

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Music:

Seymore Fink

Excels In Technique

by MEL HOLLANDER

Mr. Seymour Fink, pianist, appeared in a solo recital for the College Community March 24th in Bard Hall. Truly a "well balanced" program, the concert was bisected by an intermission fulcrum, with Mozart and Janacek on one side, and Schubert and Moss on the other.

Mr. Fink epitomizes the cool, calculating technician whose finished product is conveyed intact from the practice studio to the stage, instead of being reproduced anew before the audience. Our personal biases favor the heart-and-soul type, who charges us to share with him the inspiration of the moment; but we were obliged to consider that Mr. Fink's approach was one of many distinct schools of musical interpretation, neither to be condemned nor lauded by theoretical considerations. Still, passion was there at times, but only when issued under the strictest surveillance of the intellect. To venture a semantical distinction, one might describe Mr. Fink's playing as "dispassionate," but not "passionless."

The Mozart Sonata, K 330 was a study in musical logic. Each phrase was pronounced with the clarity of a verbal sentence, and together such

"sentences" commanded a conversation of impeccable order and precision — a mathematician in the audience would have been beside himself. But, as it were, musicians held the greater number that night, and of the Mozart they could only remark. "Splendid, I suppose. I don't really know, I wasn't listening."

Mr. Fink seems to be at the mercy of a particular technical difficulty, which may have escaped notice were it not for the Mozart. We suspect this arises from a basic misconception concerning the musical term "run"—a rapid succession of sale line notes. Mr. Fink's notion of "run" seems to be a bit confounded by the term "race," and in this sense his left hand invariably emerged victorious over his right.

A dazzling technique is undoubtedly Mr. Fink's forte, and the "Wanderer Fantasy" acquired a brilliance under his fingers such as few virtuosos can achieve. The genius of Schubert is rarely heard to its deserved advantage for the technical limitations of even our most accomplished contemporary artists. With true Viennese abandon Mr. Fink's right hand skipped joyfully in the upper register, while his left went about its business of melody suffering no distractions its playful partner.

Policy May Be

(Continued from Page 2) perimentation in Higher Education, has accepted students who would conventionally be considered 'subnormal.' These bright but underprivileged teenagers are, in the case of the Teachers' College, mostly from Chicago's south side. The Dean pointed out that the Chicago Teacher's College is particularly well adapted to initiate such a program for the following reasons: tuition is low, the school prepares students for a specific vocation (as compared to a liberal arts college, where this ideally is not true), and is, finally, located near at least one low socio-economic neighborhood. Bard, by its nature, would have the very problems that are assets to the Chicago school.

"But," commented the Dean, "They (Chicago Teachers' College) wouldn't know what to do with, say, a talented musician." That would be the person that might be of interest to Bard.

Dean Hodgkinson stresses

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